ROBIN HOOD.

A NEW

Musical Entertainment.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*.

The Musick compos'd by the SOCIETY of the *Temple* of *Apollo*.

LONDON.

Printed: And Sold at the THEATRE, and by *M. Cooper* in *Pater-noster-row*. 1751.

[Price Six Pence.]

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Robin Hood,		Mr. *Beard.*
Will Scarlet,	*his Followers,*	Mr. *Bulbrick.*
Little John,		Mr. *Meſſing.*
Graſpall, *Father of* Clarinda,		Mr. *Reinhold.*
Leander, *in Love with* Clarinda,		Maſter *Mattocks.*
Glitter, *a young Fop, fond of* Clarinda,		Mr. *Wilder.*

WOMEN.

Clarinda, Graſpall's *Daughter,*	Miſs *Norris.*
Primroſe, *her Maid,*	Mrs. *Clive.*

SCENE, *SHERWOOD*-FOREST.

ROBIN HOOD.

A NEW

Muſical Entertainment.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Foreſt *of* Sherwood.

ROBIN HOOD, SCARLET, *and* JOHN, *diſcover'd ſhooting in the Foreſt.*

ROBIN HOOD.

AIR.

AS blithe as the Linnet ſings in the green Wood,
So blithe we'll wake the Morn;
And thro' the wide Foreſt of merry *Sherwood*
We'll wind the Bugle Horn.

The Sheriff attempts to take bold *Robin Hood*,
Bold *Robin* diſdains to fly:
Come on when he will, in merry *Sherwood*
We'll vanquiſh, Boys, or die.

Our Arrows ſhall drink of the fallow Deer's Blood,
We'll hunt them all over the Plain;
And thro' the fair Foreſt of merry *Sherwood*,
No Shaft ſhall fly in vain.

Brave *Scarlet* and *John*, who were never ſubdu'd,
Give each his Hand ſo bold;
We'll reign through the Foreſt of merry *Sherwood*:
What ſay my Hearts of Gold?

JOHN.

My noble Maſter, we your Words obey,
And juſt as you command, will fight or play.

SCARLET.

Bold *Robin Hood*, permit me to demand,
What Boy was that who on your fallow Land
With you was talking? deep he ſeem'd in Woe,
Nor wore he Foreſt Green, nor held a Bow.

R. HOOD.

He loves *Clarinda*, and the beauteous Maid
Has with her Heart his honeſt Suit repaid:
She pines in vain, for, loſt to gen'rous Views,
Her cruel Father does her Choice refuſe:
But to relieve the Youth I'll riſk my Blood,
Merit was ne'er o'erlook'd by *Robin Hood*——
But ſee how heavily *Leander* looks ——

SCENE II.

Enter LEANDER.

LEANDER.

AIR.

To the Pines on the Mountains
I murmur her Name;
To the Grottos and Fountains
I witneſs my Flame:
Clarinda I ſigh,
Clarinda I cry,
The Echoes, to mock me, *Clarinda* reply.

R. HOOD.

Take courage, Youth, I've ſworn to be your Friend,
And will, tho' Death oppoſe, your Cauſe defend.
Diſguis'd, this Day to *Nottingham* I'll go,
There *Graſpall* ſeek, no more you yet muſt know.
Farewel, I haſte to do the generous Deed,
And Fortune whiſpers that I ſhall ſucceed.

Firſt AIR *repeated.*

Aſſiſted by Love, and by bold *Robin Hood*,
Take heart, and ne'er deſpair,
For *Robin* will ſoon to the merry *Sherwood*
Bring home your lovely Fair —— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *A Chamber in* Graſpall's *Houſe.*

Enter Graſpall, Clarinda, *and* Primroſe.

GRASPALL.

I tell you, Child, you muſt young *Glitter* wed,
He's rich and worthy to aſcend your Bed.

AIR.

Conſider, dear Daughter, what 'tis to be rich,
Nor ſpurn thus unwiſe at the Bleſſing;
The Views of being wealthy moſt Women bewitch,
Such Huſbands are ſure worth poſſeſſing.
You tell me he's ſilly, I ſay he has Pence;
His Acres are boundleſs, his Treaſures immenſe;
A Coach and ſix Horſes is Beauty and Senſe;
Then, pr'ythee, no longer refuſe him.

CLARINDA.

Alas! what adverſe Stars my Fortune rule!

PRIMROSE.

What! will you wed your Daughter to a Fool?

GRASPALL.

A Fool! pert Minx! ſuppoſe him one, what then?
Are there not others ſo 'mongſt marry'd Men?
But ſee the Youth: Cheer up that frowning Face,
As at the Toilette regulate each Grace.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter GLITTER.

GLITTER.

O Nymph! far brighter than the noon-day Sun;
O Nymph! more fair than Rills that dimpling run;
Match'd with thoſe Eyes, how white appears the Sloe
To that ſoft Skin, how black deſcending Snow!

AIR.

Op'ning Bud of matchleſs Beauty,
Bloſſom of the Month of *May*;
Adoration is my Duty,
At thy Shrine my Vows I pay.

Courſing o'er each rival Feature,
Little wanton *Cupids* ſport;
Venus, to ſo bright a Creature,
Would un-envying pay her Court.

GRASPALL.

A pretty Youth! and, take the Country round,
I think ſo good a Party can't be found.

GLITTER.

We *Engliſh* are too like our native Main,
Boiſt'rous and loud, unſettled, fierce, and vain:
But I have poliſh'd each rough Part away,
And ſhine alike, all brillant and all gay:

Yet

Yet let me own the Gratitude I owe,
Paris and *Rome* have taught me what I know.

PRIMROSE *aside.*

Of all the Wretches Fate could hither bring,
Your travell'd Coxcomb is the vileſt thing.

GLITTER.

I'll ſing a Song I on *Clarinda* made;
The Thought is pretty, that muſt needs be ſaid.

AIR.

My Heart's like an Anvil, the Hammer is Love,
And 'gainſt my poor Breaſt it ſo knocks——
The Blows are ſo hard, that I'm ſure I cou'd prove,
Leſs Force wou'd demoliſh an Ox.
The Godlin on me has exhauſted his Quiver,
I feel the ſharp Arrow pierce thorough my Liver:
None but you, pretty Maid, ſuch a Conqueſt e'er boaſted;
Take pity, or elſe I muſt die over-roſted.

PRIMROSE.

Ah, would my Perſon could your Soul ſubdue,
I'm ſurely form'd to ſuit a Youth like you.

AIR.

Whene'er you talk, methinks I hear
The ſweet-tongu'd Parrot ſputter:
You move with all that Grace and Air,
That Crows do in a Gutter.

The

The Maid that views that lovely Face,
Reſigns her Heart ſoon after;
And at your Wit and charming Mien
Expires in Fits of Laughter.

GRASPALL.

Primroſe, that Tongue of thine will be thy bane;
Or hold thy Peace, or elſe behold this Cane.

PRIMROSE.

I've done, I've done.

GLITTER.

I take my leave a while, ah Nymph divine!
When torn from thee, bright Sun forget to ſhine.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

GRASPALL.

Now Daughter, tell me, do you like the Squire?
Speak from your Heart, I the plain Truth require.

CLARINDA.

To ſpeak plain Truth, without the leaſt Diſguiſe,
Of all the Wretches, him I moſt deſpiſe.

GRASPALL.

Well, I agree you ne'er ſhall *Glitter* wed;
But let me name the Partner of your Bed.
A certain wealthy Knight from *London* came,
For even *London* hears your Beauty's Fame:

Will you to take this Choice of mine agree?
Leander is no Huſband, Child, for me.

SERVANT, *within.*

Sir *Humphrey Wealthy* waits, Sir, at your Gate.

GRASPALL.

The very Man: Admit Sir *Humphrey* ſtraight.
Here, here's the Man ſhall make you truly bleſs'd.

SCENE VI.

Enter ROBIN HOOD, *diſguis'd.*

GRASPALL.

With Raptures, Sir, I hail ſo great a Gueſt.

R. HOOD.

Your Raptures, Sir, are well receiv'd; but here
Permit me this fair Goddeſs to revere.
Say, beauteous Nymph! will you my Suff'rings eaſe?
Or muſt I yield to Death by ſlow degrees?

GRASPALL.

Now, dear *Clarinda*, chear your Father's Heart,
Give him your full Conſent, and then depart.

CLARINDA.

No, Sir, my Heart's no longer mine to give,
With none but dear *Leander* will I live.

AIR.

AIR.

The Ship is thus by Tempeſts toſs'd
Upon the raging Main;
And now the Pilot thinks he's loſt,
And now he hopes again:
Thus my divided Boſom fares,
By turns exults, by turns deſpairs. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

ROBIN HOOD, *aſide.*

Brave Girl! I long to change this vile Diſguiſe,
And bring her raptur'd Lover to her Eyes.

PRIMROSE.

My Miſtreſs gone, ſhe order'd me to ſay,
She thinks your Locks, good Sir, are much too gray;
And ſhe believes, if you ſome Weeks ſhould tarry,
You'll very likely die before you marry.

AIR.

Dear Sir, be advis'd by a Friend,
Nor take a young Wife to your Bed;
If ſtill you perſiſt in your Choice,
Sir Knight, have a care of your Head.

Briſk Youth may at all times attempt,
Tho' oft they repent being wed;
Their Hearts but too often do ake,
With you, 'twill be Pain in your Head.

A Knight ſhou'd be arm'd cap-a-pee,
In Battles to ſtrike us with Dread:
Go ſeek for your Spear and your Shield,
Your Wife will take care of your Head.

Then ne'er be diſmay'd in the Field,
Tho' Numbers around you fall dead,
And Bullets ſhou'd fly thick as Hail,
There's nothing can damage your Head. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

ROBIN HOOD.

Good Father *Graſpall*, to confeſs the Truth,
Age vainly hopes to win a Smile from Youth:
What gentle Terms can't gain, our Cunning may;
Grant your Conſent, I'll bear the Maid away:
You'll too go with us, ere to-morrow Night
We'll force a Marriage in her own deſpight.

GRASPALL.

With all my heart, and I'll the Means prepare,
We'll find a way to tame you Lady fair. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

ROBIN HOOD.

And I'll a Letter to *Clarinda* ſend,
Shall make her ſee how much I ſtand her Friend.

AIR.

AIR.

How pleaſing the Thought, to deliver the Fair
From the Chains of harſh Bondage, and rigid Deſpair!
To lighten her Sorrows, and dry up each Tear,
Till the Roſes of Beauty again ſhall appear;
Till the Smile that's half-ſmother'd reveals her Intent,
And the Bluſh ſhall ſpeak for her, her Heart is content.

[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *before* GRASPALL's *Houſe.*

Enter ROBIN HOOD *and* GRASPALL.

GRASPALL.

I Cannot yet the ſtubborn Girl ſubdue:
Try, good Sir *Humphrey*, try what you can do.

R. HOOD.

I make no doubt to win the clay-cold Maid,
I'll anſwer for't ſhe'll like my Serenade.

AIR.

I'll borrow the Wings of the Sparrow and Dove,
And then I will fly to diſcover my Love:
The People ſo low, who behold me ſo high,
Will wonder what ſtrange ſort of Bird's in the Sky:

While

While ſtill on I ſoar
To her I adore,
And till I get at her will never give o'er.

SCENE II.

PRIMROSE *appears.*

PRIMROSE.

What Noiſe is that does every Senſe affright?
Sure all the Cats have ſtrol'd abroad to Night.

AIR.

Foretelling the Rain,
The Raven his Strain,
Thus caws through the Regions of Air;
And *Moll*, thro' the Cloiſters,
Sings out, *Buy my Oiſters*,
In Notes that with thine may compare.

R. HOOD.

Thy Wit is ſhrewd, this to thy Miſtreſs bear,
This Purſe, good *Primroſe*, ſhall reward thy Care.
[*He throws a Letter and Purſe in at the Window.*

GRASPALL.

I wiſh you good Succeſs, but yet I dread
This vile *Leander* turns the Wench's Head. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *A Chamber.*

Enter CLARINDA *and* PRIMROSE.

CLARINDA.

Oh gen'rous *Robin Hood!* thy Care demands
Eternal Obligation at my Hands —
Do thou, dear *Primroſe*, ſeek our fooliſh Squire;
Tell the pert Wretch I him alone admire:
Let him with all his Speed our Steps purſue,
Elſe I am ever raviſh'd from his View. [*Ex.* Prim.

AIR.

Happy Scene of gay Delight!
Warm my Breaſt, and ſooth my Care;
Love will e'er aſſert his Right;
Then let Lovers ne'er deſpair.
Bring me Lilies, bring me Roſes,
Myrtle Wreaths and blooming Poſies:
Haſte you, Nymphs, and hither bring
All the Trophies of the Spring.

Baleful Cypreſs caſt aſide,
(Emblem of deſpairing Love)
And the weeping Willow hide
Near the inauſpicious Grove.
Bring me Lilies, bring me Roſes,
Myrtle Wreaths and blooming Poſies:

Haſte

Haſte you, Nymphs, and hither bring
All the Trophies of the Spring.

SCENE IV.

Enter GRASPALL *and* ROBIN HOOD.

GRASPALL.

Still muſt I beg, and pray, and all in vain?
And ſhall I ne'er a Father's Right obtain?
What I propoſe, you ſtubbornly refuſe,
And ſhun the worthy Gentleman I chooſe.

R. HOOD.

The Hand of Time has bleach'd each changing Hair,
My Perſon long has ceas'd to charm the Fair;
But I've a Soul that ne'er did Falſhood know,
A Heart that melts at a ſweet Lady's woe;
A Hand that ſtill can hardy Acts atchieve,
Redreſs the Wrong'd, and make Oppreſſion grieve.

CLARINDA.

Sir, to your Merits I my Heart reſign:
And now, my Father, all your Will is mine.

GRASPALL.

There's a good Wench: Yet let us haſte away,
Leſt *Glitter* ſhould prevent us.

CLARINDA.

I obey.

R. HOOD.

R. Hood.

'Tis ſcarce ſix Miles we have to go to-night;
To-morrow, when the Sun reſumes his Light,
The chaſte *Clarinda* ſhall a Huſband find,
One that is form'd to make a Virgin kind.

AIR.

I'm like the Sage, whoſe learned Eye
Has chanc'd among the Flow'rs to ſpy,
In pride of Youth, a Butterfly,
And caught the beauteous Prize.

Clar. The Maid, whoſe Squirrel breaks his Chain,
From Sighs and Tears cannot refrain;
But, if the Wanton come again,
She feels ſuch Joys as I.

Graſp. The Miſer, that a Guinea more
Diſcovers added to his Store,
With Tranſport finds his Heart run o'er;
My Joys are full as great. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another Chamber.*

Enter Glitter *and* Primrose, *meeting.*

Primrose.

Well met, ſmart Youth! my Miſtreſs bid me ſay,
Againſt her Will they hurry her away;
Tow'rds *Sherwood*-Foreſt they their Journey bend,
Your only Hopes on Diligence depend:

Haſte you, Nymphs, and hither bring
All the Trophies of the Spring.

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Primrose.

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Againſt her Will they hurry her away;
Tow'rds *Sherwood*-Foreſt they their Journey bend,
Your only Hopes on Diligence depend:

Your fleeteſt Racer inſtantly beſtride,
O'ertake them, and *Clarinda* is your Bride.

GLITTER.

I'll be as quick as Light'ning, never fear;
I pay your Kindneſs with this Kiſs, my Dear.

[*Exit* Primroſe.

SCENE VI.

GLITTER.

The Fair admire me whereſoe'er I go;
'Twas juſt the ſame at *Rome*, at *Paris* ſo.

AIR.

I can ogle and leer,
Signor ſi, Oui Monſieur,
And ſhew them a Leg that is taper;
Take Snuff with an Air,
Like a Gentleman ſwear,
And I challenge the World at-- a Caper. [*Exit*.

SCENE VII. *The Foreſt.*

Enter Robin Hood, Graſpall, Clarinda *and* Primroſe.

R. HOOD.

Fear not, ſweet Maid, you ſoon ſhall ſee your Swain,
And, loſt in Joy, forget your former Pain.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter Glitter *and Servants.*

GLITTER.

Oh, there they are ——good Mr. *Graſpall*, you
Are ſtrictly juſt, and to your Promiſe true.
What do you in yon wither'd Elder ſee,
That you prefer him to a Man like me?
Here I am come, Sir, to aſſert my Right,
We're four to two --- tho' I chooſe not to fight.
[*Aſide.*

R. HOOD.

Wiſe *Glitter*, mark me; and old Father, here
To what I utter lend a patient Ear.

AIR.

I'll ſing you a Song that will ſuit us all round;
The Tale may diſpleaſe, yet the Moral is ſound:
A Virgin as ſweet as a Morning in *May*,
Once lov'd a young Shepherd (of Merit) they ſay.

But her Father refus'd him, for he had not got Gold,
As Av'rice too often will cleave to the Old;
To a Coxcomb he'd give her, well furniſh'd with Pence,
Who had ev'ry Endowment--ſave Honour and Senſe.

But bold *Robin Hood*, in a lucky Diſguiſe,
Impos'd on the Wretch, tho' he ſaw with four Eyes;
And you, Maſter Pert-one, take this for a Rule,
No Woman of Spirit will ſtoop to a Fool.

And thus, Sir, not having detain'd you too long,
I hope I may merit your Thanks for my Song:
If you do not like it, on others I'll call;
Come, trip o'er the green Sword, my merry Men all.

Enter Scarlet, John, *and Foreſters, and ſeize all the Men.*

R. Hood.

Seize theſe two Wretches, while I ſtep aſide,
And fetch a Huſband for my choſen Bride. [*Exit.*

Graspall.

Ah, would the Earth would ſwallow me, I'm wild,
My ſhameful Av'rice has undone my Child.

Clarinda.

Unhappy me, to live to ſee this Day;
But thoſe ne'er proſper who their Loves betray.

Glitter *to* Primrose.

All this I owe to your officious Care,
A Chambermaid's the Devil every where.

AIR.

AIR.

Clarinda. Is this my kind Father?
A Tyrant, ſay rather,
The Cauſe of a Daughter's Undoing:
Primroſe. O very wiſe Maſter!
To bring this Diſaſter
On thoſe who foreſaw it was Ruin.

Graſp.[aſide.] Shall I ſooth her, or huff her?
Pr.[weeping.] My Virtue will ſuffer,
That ſtill has defy'd each Purſuer.
Glitter. How can I diſſemble!
Like an Aſpin I tremble:
Ah! I'm an unfortunate Wooer.

SCENE IX.

Enter Robin Hood *and* Leander.

R. HOOD.

This Youth, who long has for your Daughter ſigh'd,
Now ſues by me, nor muſt he be deny'd:
Tho' Fortune like a Niggard play'd her Part,
Yet what are Riches to a noble Heart.
But you, Squire Ape, muſt leave your Horſes here,
Your Rings, your Money, and your other Geer:
Trudge home on foot, and when you leave the Wood,
Tell all you ſee, You met with *Robin Hood.*

GLITTER.

GLITTER.

Sweet Sir, one Word.

R. HOOD.

If one Word more you ſpeak to change my Mind,
You, with your Clothes, ſhall leave your Skin behind.

AIR.

Glit. Faſt by ſome daſhing Torrent,
That thunders o'er the Sea,
From Morn to Night I'll weep my Fate
Beneath a Willow-Tree.
Sighing, pining,
Weeping, whining,
Beneath a Willow-Tree.

Prim. I pity much your Suff'rings;
O then be rul'd by me,
And put an end to all your Woes
Beneath a Willow-Tree.
Dingle dangle,
Dingle dangle,
Beneath a Willow-Tree. [*Exit* Glitter.

SCENE *the laſt.*

GRASPALL.

Well, ſince I muſt, I muſt, howe'er I'm loth;
Riſe up, my Children, Heaven bleſs you both.

LEAN-

LEANDER.

Thanks, gen'rous Friend, how much I owe your Care,
My future Actions ſhall at large declare.

AIR.

My Idol, my Treaſure,
The Source of all Pleaſure,
Words ne'er can my Raptures diſcover;
Clar. I love you, believe me,
Then not to deceive me,
Profeſs not too much my young Lover.

R. HOOD.

See how along the Eaſt the purple Morn
Drives the young Hours, and dims pale *Cynthia*'s Horn;
To-day you both a Foreſt-Chear muſt prove,
At Night we'll leave you to the Sweets of Love.

AIR.

To an Arbor of Woodbine ye both ſhall be led,
Soft Leaves for your Pillows, the Graſs for your Bed,
While wanton young Sparrows chirp over your Head,
All under the green Wood Shade.

When the Moon with pale Luſtre juſt gleams thro' the Grove,
And Nightingales anſwer the chaſte Turtle-Dove,
The Maid, without bluſhing, ſhall graſp her true Love.
All under the green Wood Shade.

Tho'

Tho' Frowns for a while arm the Face of the Fair,
Yet ſoon our young Lover forgets all his Care,
For *Phillis* cries, Do not, oh! do not deſpair.
All under the green Wood Shade.

CHORUS.

Dance, and ſing, and ſport, and play,
'Tis *Clarinda*'s Wedding-Day.

FINIS.